

"Only by acting now for the post-war period can our nation prevent American Fascists from coming to power. When I refer to American Fascists I mean those who believe that Wall Street comes first and the country second, and who are willing to go to any length to keep Wall Street safely on top of the country."—HENRY A WALLACE, vice-president of the U S, in a controversial speech at Seattle, Wash.

For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



It has often been pointed out that the ten million or more returning veterans of this war will comprise the most powerful political bloc our country has ever known. There was a time when we were rather concerned about this threat (for any bloc, no matter how righteous its cause, is a threat to the processes of democratic gov't).

But apprehensions on this score are based on the premise that these millions will think and act in unison.

In general, the assumption that a common uniform will bind any ten million men to unanimity of opinion, appears rather fantastic.

In civilian life, these men ranged from Doctors of Philosophy to common vagrants. They came from every strata of society. And to every strata of society they will ret'n. Each will reflect, in his civilian opinions, the sum total of his experiences, of which military life is but one phase.

If the experience of the last war is repeated, a majority of the vets will not join any military group. (The American Legion at its power peak numbered a third of the men eligible for admittance). There are now three veteran groups actively bidding for men mustered out of the present conflict. And there may be yet another if, as some counsel, the veterans of World War II launch an order of their own.

Already, there are schisms within the larger orders. Example: union men are forming their own local American Legion posts. This is done to offset possible anti-union moves within the Legion.

WORLD WEEK

Quote

prophesies . . .

The next six mo's may be aptly characterized as the "period of paradoxes". Tendencies already apparent will be greatly emphasized. Loss of important war contracts and uncertainty regarding renegotiation will result in unemployment in some sections and certain industries. Other industries may experience tightest manpower squeeze as draft draws in most of deferred workers. In gen'l, a time of confusion and uncertainty. Even leaders don't know how to plan until we see how invasion goes.

An interesting development of the immediate past has been the repeated and increasingly heavily bombardment of France. While raids have penetrated deep into France, concentration has been upon the area adjacent to Calais, which normally is the chief landing place for English travelers to the Continent. A surprising feature has been the extremely light resistance met by our air forces.

It has been widely assumed that this aerial bombardment is a prelude to Allied invasion. The effort can hardly be unrelated to our over-all plans. Because Calais is so obvious an invasion point, the Nazis have converted this area into a vast and virtually impregnable fortress. Bombing has probably had little effect on the actual defenses, but it is safe to assume that we've destroyed roads and rails, thus disrupting supply sources. And even the strongest defenses, isolated from supplies, will eventually lose menace power.

Our guess is that Calais will hardly be the principal objective of an Allied invasion group, but it is none the less important to do as much damage here as possible since, potentially, this is a point from which Nazis might elect to strike at England. Calais may well be a testing-ground for new long-range "secret" weapons.

ITALY: It is enlightening to observe how Hitler wages political battle with, at times, apparent dis-

regard of immediate military strategy. Thus Nazis take staggering defeats on the militarily important Eastern front, putting up little defense, while in Italy they stand their ground, selling each foot at peak mkt price.

There has never been any question but that Allied beachhead forces south of Rome would be highly vulnerable to Nazi concentrations of power. Our chief reliance here must be stronger air arm, and unfavorable weather has not given our air force full opportunity to function. Whether this support will be sufficient remains to be seen.

RUSSIA: There may be some exaggeration in Moscow statement that 30 Nazi divisions have been destroyed or neutralized in s Russia this wk. But there can be no question of a deadly toll. Red Army has regained Nikopol, with its manganese mines. And capture of the iron center, Krivoi Rog appears imminent.

We have suggested before that Nazi forces in s Russia and Crimea may have been kept intact to bolster Rumania. In view of disastrous turn of events—and now that prizes of manganese and iron are gone—we suggest these forces may soon be moved to Rumania, to forestall a Rumanian deflection, and to guard precious oil reserves. For, without oil, Germany cannot remain in the war.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"War is the natural state of the German people. Yet not one of the modern military weapons was invented by a German."—KONRAD BERCOVICI.

" "

"He's tough... He'll want to buy everything."—Overheard in conversation between two salesmen, as reported in *Tide*.

" "

"Girls are so scarce in N Africa that the WACs could eat a meal of raw onions and still get dates with soldiers."—Lt GERTRUDE LUND, ret'g from 9 mo's service abroad.

" "

"The man who has to tell a dirty story to get a laugh isn't a humorist."—JOE E BROWN, addressing a Marine group in S Pacific.

" "

"We are not fighting to preserve the status quo. We are fighting to preserve the possibility of progress."—ANTHONY EDEN, British Foreign Minister.

" "

"The shock of paying my first meal check in the U S was worse than any the Japs gave me!"—Pfc Jos HAROLD WITTKOP, of N J (His check: 76c for a bacon and lettuce sandwich and 2 glasses of milk.)

" "

"I'm afraid that horse won't be any good for plowing this spring!"—Sgt JOHN M WEBB, of W Va, who parachuted from a blazing bomber over England, landed astride the startled steed.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"Are we in Chicago already?"—THOS d'ORIO, who slept thru a derailment of his Pullman, near Syracuse. He was awakened by ry men, inspecting the wreckage.

" "

"The word 'statistics' is unfair to the human tongue."—T R YBARA, author and war correspondent

" "

"I can remember when it was widely said that if we ever had another war, there would be no profit in it. And look at us now! All that is missing is the candy-striped silk shirt!"—HAROLD ICKES, sec'y of Interior.

" "

"Praise the Lord, the ammunition passed me!"—Current parody of our fighting men in S Pacific.

" "

"I am not interested in your offer. I have a good paying job now."—Response of a woman summoned for jury duty in Bergen County, N J.

" "

"Most women just don't look pretty in bed."—BERT GLENNON, Hollywood cameraman, detailing difficulties of photographing beds—and their occupants.

" "

"The New Deal is not dead. If it were dead the Democratic party would be dead, and well dead... The New Deal is Franklin D Roosevelt."—HENRY A WALLACE, v-p of U S.

" "

"We cannot enlarge the islands of the Japanese to fit the population, but we can trim down the population to fit the islands."—Rear Adm DEWITT C RAMSEY.

" "

"... garments will be tight before long."—WPB technical experts, discussing growing scarcity of rayon.

" "

"America's secret weapon is not a gun, a new plane. It is America's magnificent youth. The way they are rising to the occasion will astonish everyone." — Comm GENE TUNNEY, on a visit to S Pacific.

" "

"Our big commercial banks are hardly more than morgues for gov't bonds and cash."—CYRUS EATON, Cleveland financier, assailing unwillingness of great banks to take capital risks.

" "

"The present income tax form is utterly insufferable."—Sen ARTHUR H VANDENBERG, Mich, calling for a complete re-writing of federal tax structure.

" "

"I am nominating him for membership because he is a good kid and sings a hell of a good song."—BING CROSBY, putting up FRANK SINATRA for membership in his country club.



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**Why Are the Cults Growing?**

CHAS A BRADEN, *Christian Century*, 1-26-'44.

Between '26 and '36 "regular" churches lost 2 million members. The Holiness and Pentecostal sects, registered phenomenal growth.

One reason: Many in humbler circles do not feel at home in comfortable middle-class churches. Social standards are set which the lower-income group have difficulty in maintaining. They are unable to participate in church dinners, etc. They find it difficult to contribute to all causes for which funds are sought.

But the appeal of cults is not wholly based on economic status. There are things which some miss in "regular" churches; find in the cults.

The cults offer a certainty of faith and an assurance of salvation which many claim they do not find in "regular" churches. There is much tentativeness, particularly in liberal churches, and a ready tolerance for conflicting views. To many the gospel seems emasculated by this tentativeness and tolerance.

Moreover, the cults offer an emotional release which some need and do not find in formal liturgical services. In the cults definite techniques are employed to build up characteristic emotional outbursts.

Many members of Methodist, Baptist and other churches in cities come from rural areas where the practice of worshipers expressing themselves audibly is still observed. They miss this participation and are frequently drawn into the more extroverted type of cult.

The cults are here. Probably they are here to stay. If history repeats, they will in time develop into comfortable middle-class institutions, and be replaced by others like them. They perform a ministry of value to great groups for which the "regular" churches have little concern.

BUSYBODY—Rebuked

Many young men deferred from military service on physical or other legitimate grounds, must suffer the impertinent queries of a considerable clan of Meddlesome Matties who appear to feel that running the war is their personal prerogative.

I am cheered by the response of a dept store window-display man accosted by an overstuffed dowager who demanded to know why he was not in uniform.

"Because, madam," he replied, "my heart is only slightly better than your manners." — MARGARET FISHBACK, *Liberty*.

"It Was Good to Have Such a Man . . ."

There was something about Washington that quickened the pulses of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which were a sort of voice of worship. Children despaired sight of him and men felt lifted after he had passed.

It was good to have such a man ride all the way from Philadelphia to Cambridge in sight of all the people, to assume command of the people's army. It gave character to the thoughts of all who saw him.—WOONROW WILSON, in his historical volume, *George Washington* (1896).

CHURCH—Attendance

Some go to church to take a walk, Some go to church to laugh and talk, Some go there to meet a friend, Some go there their time to spend, Some go there to doze and nod, The wise go there to worship God.

—*The American Lutheran*, 12-43.

CULTURE—Unappreciated

Teacher: "How many fingers have you?"

Bobby: "Ten."

Teacher: "If four were missing, what would you have then?"

Bobby: (hopefully) "No music lessons." —*The Woman*.

DEMOCRACY—in Action

We have a democracy in our army that the fascists, who say they are trying to "democratize" theirs, will never achieve.

Just behind the front line, Gen Wing came upon a Boston lad, lying upon a stretcher, awaiting transportation to the rear.

"Anything I can do?" asked the gen'l.

"Yes," the lad said, "you can put somebody up here who knows how to run a war."

The gen'l did not even look startled. "What are they doing wrong?"

"Hell, they're moving too slow. They ought to go in there and bite those Japs in half." And he proceeded to outline a wholly impracticable plan of attack.

When we left, the gen'l said to me, "Know what I like about that boy? His sass." — IRA WOLFERT, "From a S Pacific Note Book," *American Mercury*, 2-44.

Nice Sacrifice!

If buying war bonds is a sacrifice, so is eating beefsteak! Just to prove our point, we checked with Moody's, the outstanding financial authority. As we suspected, the average yield of the two highest classifications of securities (AAA and AA) were less than Uncle Sam pays on series E War Bonds. Since when has it been patriotic to do yourself a favor? —*N Y World-Telegram*.

EFFICIENCY—German

There's a story of a banker in the Low Countries. When the Germans came in they had an inventory of his office. "Where is the radio that used to be in the corner by the window?" the young German officer demanded. The banker protested he had no radio.

"We will search for it," the Nazi said. He found it in the garret—a prehistoric dot-dash wireless set this banker had installed in '13 to get stock-exchange quotations. He wondered how the Germans remembered this gadget he had long since forgotten—and recollects that a young German had worked for him briefly in early '14. He had obviously made a report—and a quarter of a century later a German occupation official still had it! —BILL HENRY, *Los Angeles Times*.

Babes in Hollywood

It was inevitable, of course, that last year's best-seller, Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, should wind up at Hollywood, with the authors—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER and EMILY KIMBROUGH—summoned by Paramount to aid in preparing the script.

And it was equally inevitable, no doubt, that this pilgrimage should lead to a 2nd book, We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50). Now, if this one should be bought by an enterprising studio—the possibilities would appear limitless. The girls may really have struck something!

EMILY KIMBROUGH, (who, before her marriage and the arrival of twins, was *Fashion Editor of Ladies' Home Journal*) did the actual writing on this 2nd opus, but Miss Skinner is much in evidence. Here we find the peripatetic pair nearing their destination:

I am ever one to clap my hat on my head at the suggestion of a trip, and think about it afterwards. Cornelia, the more conservative, likes nothing better than traveling, unless, perhaps, it is work. To have both offered in one delectable sandwich was more than she could resist.

"The only thing is," she said dubiously, "that when you and I are together, Emily, THINGS happen."

I told her that was a long time ago. THINGS would not happen to us any more. Later she was to remind me from time to time of that pronouncement.

" "

There were orange trees outside my train window in the morning when I woke up, mountains in the distance with snow on top, and a great palm beside the water tower where we were stopping. It was unquestionably California. I tried to think that it was exactly like the winter before when I had arrived at Los Angeles on just such a morning, bringing one of the twins for

a holiday. But the two trips were no more alike than going shopping from Muncie to Indianapolis on the interurban, and an experimental flight on a rocket ship.

As we neared the gate on the platform, I nudged Cornelia. "Photographers," I whispered happily. There they were, an eager half circle. I pulled her off to one side, out of range of their vision, and we stopped to reconnoiter. I asked her if I had on enough lipstick. She told me I had, and brushed a little extra powder off my chin. I altered the angle of her hat, and we re-emerged, fluttering and smiling into the camera fire. "I like this sample of your California climate," I said idiotically, as I came up to them and paused, one foot arched in front of me like a ballerina's. Cornelia posed beside me and we looked inquiringly at the men.

One of them spoke up. "Excuse me, lady," he said, "did you happen to see Joe Louis? He's supposed to be on this train and we're here to get some shots of him."

EFFICIENCY—Questioned

If, as we so often hear, a cluttered desk is the sign of a cluttered mind—what, may we ask, is the significance of an empty desk?—*Curtis Courier*, hm Curtis, 1000.

EMPLOYEE—Relations

Always keep in mind that your subordinate has to put up with you, and that is often no cinch either.—T SWANN HARDING, *Printers' Ink*.

FAITH—in Others

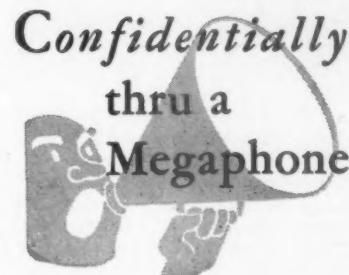
"It doesn't do any good for a businessman to have faith in God and faith in himself if he can't have faith in the people who work for him. People by and large be-

have according to the way they're expected to behave. My employees know I believe in them, rely on them, and they respond accordingly."—JERRY COLE, quoting a hotel executive, "Faith is The Answer," *Good Business*, 2-'44.

FAME

Funny how fleeting fame can be. On a plane trip recently I was reading, *Good Night, Sweet Prince*, the new biography of John Barrymore. A soldier in the next seat, intrigued by the title, asked what the book was about. I told him.

"Barrymore?" he reflected. "Oh, yeah, the guy that was on the radio with Rudy Vallee!" — ANTHONY WEITZEL, *Detroit Free-Press*.



Army officers based near Salt Lake City have started an organization that threatens to spread—The Shoe Clerks' Protective Ass'n. Head man is a captain from N Y who bears title of Floorwalker. To qualify, an officer must clash frequently with the CO at the base; must be completely indifferent to promotion, and must believe that, as a gen'l rule Army officers are glorified shoe clerks.

And by the way, one of our scouts reports an informal aristocracy prevailing amongst the wives of Army officers. The more remote the officer's station, the higher the wife's standing in the group. Wives whose husbands are stationed within the state had better not speak too often; wives with husbands in the U S continental limits may speak with discretion; wives of overseas men are a real power. But the creme de la creme are wives whose husbands are prisoners of war.

Answering those who have been wondering why the much-talked-of film, "Report to The Nation" hasn't been shown in theatres: The film belongs to the Army. It was made for the purpose of indoctrinating workers in war production plants. War Dep't believes it will have more effect upon workers if they know it is being shown to them exclusively. At a private showing recently we saw this production, together with another one, pieced out from captured enemy film. Shows Germans and Japs still have husbanded plenty of striking power.

Bldg industry's huzzahs for gov't action in releasing 50,000 bathtubs last mo, proved premature. When the order finally came thru, it bore the symbol HI, which designates gov't housing projects. Dealers believe mfgrs will soon mkt tubs made from non-critical materials. There remains, however, the problem of fixtures and pipe.

Watch Him Grow—GI Joe!

Nearly everything but the hat-band grows for G. I. Joe, the average soldier. Unaccustomed physical activity—to put it mildly—much of it in the open air, plus the best chow in the world, puts the weight up ten lbs or more in no time; Joe's foot grows a half size larger and his chest expands mightily. Many other measurements proportionately increase.

The Quartermaster Corps has to be learned in such matters so that the basic wardrobe (costing \$114.86) and its replacements and maintenance (\$75.37) will be forthcoming at all times in correct size and quantity. The business of fighting a war calls for a clothing store that makes the largest mail-order depot look like a small-town haberdashery.

The restaurant side of the war, of course, is gargantuan; much of it, for combat troops, al fresco; a picnic or clambake to make any politician's outdoor entertainment ap-

pear a miserly free lunch. But this mass feeding and clothing of millions is done so well that virtually every man in the service gains weight; some phenomenally. The most strenuous occupation known to man, resulting for many in death and major or minor disablement, war nevertheless, is good for the health of the average soldier; for the G. I. Joe who models for the quartermaster.

No one will try to refute General Sherman's dictum about war, but many millions go to a war and many millions come back unharmed; even improved in physical well-being; many showing marked moral improvement. The hat size does not increase. For some it is measurably reduced, metaphorically speaking; vanity and morbid egoism transposed to an immeasurable and healthy pride in being a good soldier; a pride safely shared with every other good soldier in the Army. —*N Y Herald-Tribune*.

RACE—Discrimination

The white man has done much to make himself hated in the Orient... to make himself disliked by the touchy Oriental—touchy because he has been under white domination for centuries...

Imagine the feelings of the Chinese—that proud and sensitive race whose civilization is the oldest in the world—who read, posted in Chinese characters before parks in their native land, the order:

"Dogs and Chinese Not Allowed!"

Let John Doe picture to himself such signs posted in his own Central Park, denying entry to Americans!—CARLOS P ROMULO, *Mother America*, (Doubleday).

SALESMANSHIP

A super-salesman is a guy who can sell a double-breasted suit to a Phi Beta Kappa.—GENE FLACK, addressing N Y Sales Executives Club.

SEXES—Contrast

I suppose when the Lord took one look at Adam and realized what he'd done, he simply had to give women loving hearts to overcome the handicap.—ILKA CHASE, *In Bed We Cry*, (Doubleday).

GEMS FROM Yesteryear

Mary White

WM ALLEN WHITE

WM ALLEN WHITE, veteran editor and publisher of the Emporia (Kan) Gazette died fortnight ago, in his 75th yr. Following is an excerpt from the obituary notice, written upon the premature death of his little daughter, Mary, in '21. Because of its simplicity and charm, it is generally counted among newsmen as one of the modern classics.

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head and the blow came from a limb of an overhanging tree...

The most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks.

The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life. But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She wore no jewels, only her High School class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up, tho nearly 17. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with in my braided pigtails!"

How True!

"Sometimes, life no longer seems to run forward."—From an editorial in *Volksischer Beobachter*, (Hitler's newspaper.)

TAXES

An eastern marriage broke up within an hr, in a public brawl over money. Bystanders, taking the disputants for a couple of tax theorists, went on their way.—*Detroit News*.

TRANSPORTATION—

in Wartime

When the vehicle he was driving became so crowded that newcomers were tying themselves into human knots, the bus driver was heard to philosophize:

"Kindly push each other to the rear, please."—*St Louis Post-Dispatch*.

VITAMINS

"Which is the vitamin that takes the place of Florida?"—Caption under a HOCKINSON Cartoon.—*New Yorker*.

Once during a symphony orchestra rehearsal, Arturo Toscanini was pleading for a fortissimo—and the musicians were not responding.

After several efforts the men, in desperation, gave their all and produced a good *louf* fortissimo. At last Toscanini was pleased.

"That's fine!" he said, his face wreathed in smiles.

Then, suddenly, his mood changed. Angrily he tore his watch from his pocket, dashed the costly timepiece to the floor.

"Maestro, why are you angry?" asked one of the puzzled musicians.

"Why?" echoed the master. "If you men can produce a good fortissimo, why did you not do it the first time?"—E E EDGAR, *Familiar Fables*.

" "

The children of Anna Roosevelt Boettiger have been staying at the White House these past few days, awaiting the arrival of Maj John Boettiger. Recently, they came hurrying in to tell their mother that they had had the most thrilling experience of their lifetime. "Who do you suppose we met?" asked the excited grandchildren of the President of the United States. "We actually met the President of Venezuela!"—LEONARD LYONS, syndicated col.

" "

A candid bookmaker of our acquaintance—our reference is to the race tracks and not the graphic arts—recently called a patron on the telephone to suggest that he place a modest wager on a nag they called *Robust Roland*.

"Wel-l," I dunno," parried the patron. "Will he win?"

"I can't say for sure," responded the honest bookie, "he never ran this race before."

" "

Little Gladys, who had attended Sunday School with considerable regularity, surprised a fond parent the other Sabbath by announcing her intention of absenting herself.

"But why" persisted her mother.

"Well, mother," said little G, with resigned patience, "I have been going now ever since I was a child. And all they talk about is the Ten Commandments. I feel as though I am getting in a rut."

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

STEPHEN LEACOCK

When I 1st got my Ph D degree I was inordinately proud of it; used to sign myself, "Dr Leacock" in season and out. On a trip to the Orient I put myself down that way on the passenger list of the liner.

I was just getting my things straightened out when a steward knocked at my cabin door and asked, "Are you Dr Leacock?" "Yes," I answered. "The captain's compliments, Dr, and will you please come and have a look at the 2nd stewardess's leg?"

I was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man. But I had no luck. Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity.

We know a biologist in New Jersey who was taken into the Army as a captain. He does just what he did in civilian life, which is work in his own laboratory; there he wears, instead of a uniform, his old gray smock, and the routine of his life seems absolutely unaltered. We once asked him whether anything was different. "Well," he said. "I work the same, I live the same, and even think the same, but now if a guinea pig bites me I get the Purple Heart."—*New Yorker*.

" "

President Coolidge and Senator Spencer, of Missouri, were walking together one evening. They passed the White House. "I wonder who lives there," joked the Senator.

"Nobody," said the President. "They just come and go."—JOHN HIRAM MCKEE, *Coolidge Wit and Wisdom*, (Stokes).

The young pilot stepped out of a pursuit ship at a Texas flying field. A major, driving by in a jeep, pulled up, jumped out indignantly when he saw the pilot was wearing only a pair of shorts. The major gave a long lecture on improper uniform. The pilot kept nodding humbly, saying only, "Yes sir" now and then.

At the Major's command, he dove into his plane, came out pulling on his khaki shirt. The major hopped into his jeep, stepped on the gas when he noticed the insignia on the shirt: a colonel's silver eagles!—*This Wk.*

WISECRACKS of the Week

Hitler says a Russian victory would mean the death of culture. Well, if what the Nazis stand for is culture, I'll take a case of vodka.—DAVE BOONE.

" "

"A woman doesn't like a perfect husband," declares a woman writer. Another thing a woman doesn't like is dodo hash.—OLIN MILLER.

" "

Nothing wrong ever happens at the right time.—JACK WARWICK, *Toledo Blade*.

" "

Wonder why Japs worry so about losing face. On them, it would be an improvement.

He was one of those drill sergeants who make basic trainees quake in their GI brogans. One day he belittled to his flight: "Eyes right!" From the rear ranks came an unidentified drawl, "Yo sho' is, suh; you're a sergeant!"—Yank, army newspaper.

